

It begins with the sight
Encrusted nail, dirt like gilded gold,
Fortunes untold beneath its armor.
with steel prick or tooth grip
I *chip chip chip* away,
Like a prisoner in his cell
Trapped in that spell
Of self-mutilation,
Then strikes blood
The saccharine stuff
Wealth of my ancestors within me,
Fingers and toes
Nobody knows how much,
I walk with a limp,
With scarred toes tormented
The product of anxious days
What remains is the soft flesh,
Like a turtle without a shell,
When it all grows back
I attack freshly healed wounds,
Stripping up to the cuticle,
And after all that time
To never find
What I'm looking for.

“nail biter”